The Immortal Man

A short story by ELR

THE IMMORTAL MAN

John was just your ordinary typical denizen. He worked 5 hours at a gas station and had been married for over a decade. Then, one day he was ran over by a truck. It was gruesome. His body was smeared onto the road, blood and guts and all. He took his last breath as everything turned to black. Then he woke up. He was confused at first, thinking he was in the afterlife. But he wasn't in an afterlife, nor was he dead. He was alive and breathing. Inside his apartment, with his wife still sleeping on the bed.

"It must've been a dream," he thought to himself, and headed to work like usual. Then someone came in and brandished a handgun and pointed it at him. Suddenly, POW! John got shot right in the heart. He died immediately. Then he woke up again, this time on the floor of the gas station. He thought he was intoxicated. "What's happening?" he thought.

But he shrugged it off as a dream once again. Day after day, he died multiple times and survived, waking up in a random area in the location where he passed away. Then he started to get concerned, although he thought being immortal was a cool thing dying day after day wasn't okay in his eyes. Then one day, he was brutally beaten to death in an alley. He didn't wake up like he thought. He just bled out in a dark alley in the middle of the night. John never woke up again.

The Immortal Man had finally passed away.

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